Bish. Then heare me gracious Soueraigne, & you Peeres,
Which owe your liues, your faith, and seruices
To this imperiall Throne:
There is no bar to stay your highnesse claime to France,
But one; which they produce from *Faramount*:
No female shall succeed in *Salique* Land;
Which *Salique* Land, the French vniustly gloze
To be the Realme of France,
And *Faramount* the founder of this law and female barre.
Yet their owne writers faithfully affirme,
That the Land *Salique* lyes in *Germany*,
Betweene the floods of *Sabeck* and of *Elme*,
Where *Charles* the fift hauing subdude the Saxons
There left behinde, and setled certaine French,
Who holding in disdaine the Germane women,
For some dishoneſt manners of their liues,
Establisht there this Law. To wit,
No female shall succeed in *Salique* Land:
Which *Salique* land (as I haue sayd before)
Is at this time in Germany, call'd *Mesene*.
Thus doth it well appeare, the *Salique* law
Was not deuised for the Realme of France:
Nor did the French possesse the *Salique* land,
Vntill foure hundred one and twenty yeares
After the function of King *Faramount*,
Godly supposd the founder of this Law.
Hugh Capet also that vsurpt the Crowne,
To fine his Title with some shew of truth,
When in pure truth it was corrupt and nought:
Conuey'd himselfe as heire to the Lady *Inger*,
Daughter to *Charles* the foresayd Duke of *Loraine*,
So that as cleere as is the summers Sun,
King *Pipins* Title, and *Hugh Capets* claime,
King *Charles* his satisfaction, all appeare
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the Lords of *France* vntill this day,
Howbeit they would hold vp this *Salique* Law

To barre your highnesse claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net,
Then amply to embrace their crooked causes,
Vsurpt from you and your progenitors.
K. May we with right and conscience make this claime?
Bi. The sin vpon my head dread Soueraigne:
For in the Booke of Numbers it is writ,
When the sonne dyes, let the inheritance
Descend vnto the daughter.
Noble Lord, stand for your owne,
Vnwinde your bloody flagge,
Go my dread Lord to your great Grandsires graue,
From whom you claime:
And your great Vnckle *Edward* the blacke Prince,
Who on the French ground playd a Tragedy,
Making defeate on the full power of *France*,
Whilst his most mighty father on a hill,
Stood smiling to behold his Lyons whelpe,
Foraging the blood of French Nobility.
O Noble English, that could entertaine
With halfe their forces the full power of *France*:
And let another halfe stand laughing by,
All out of worke, and colde for action.
King. We must not onely armé vs gainst the *French*,
But lay downe our proportion for the Scot,
Who will make rode vpon vs with all aduantages.
Bi. The Marches gracious soueraigne, shalbe sufficient
To guard your England from the pilfering borderers.
King. We do not meane the coursing sneakers onely,
But feare the maine entendment of the Scot:
For you shall read, neuer my great Grandfather
Vnmaskt his power for *France*,
But that the *Scot* on his vnfurnisht kingdome,
Came pouring like the tide into a breach,
That *England* being empty of defences,
Hath shooke and trembled at the brute heereof.
Bish. She hath bin then more fear'd then hurt my Lord: